THE HEROES:

A NEW BALLAD.

To the Tune of ----*Sally in our Alley.*

LONDON:

Printed for M. MOORE near St. *Paul's.* 1745.

[*Price Six-Pence.*]

BALLAD
HEROES:

II.

THE HEROES:

A

New BALLAD, &c.

III.

OF all the Jobbs that e'er have paſt
Our Houſe, ſince times of Jobbing;
Sure none was ever like the Laſt,
Ev'n in the Days of *Robin*:
For he himſelf had bluſh'd for Shame
At this polluted Cluſter,
Of Fifteen N-bles of great Fame,
All brib'd by one falſe Muſter.

II.

Two D--kes on Horſeback firſt appear,
Both tall and of great Proweſs;
Two little B--r--ns in the Rear
(For they're, you know, the Loweſt:)
But high and low they all agree
To do whatever Man dar'd;
Thoſe ne'er ſo tall, and thoſe that fall
A Foot below the Standard.

III.

Three Regiments one D-ke contents,
With two more Places, you know;
Since his *B-th* Kn--ghts, his G--ce delights,
In Tri-a juncta in U-no.
Now *B-lt-n* comes with Beat of Drums,
Tho' Fighting be his Loathing;
He much diſlikes both Guns and Pikes,
But reliſhes the Cloathing.

IV.

Next doth advance, defying *France*,
A P--r in wond'rous Buſtle;
With Sword in Hand he ſtout doth ſtand,
And braggs his Name is *R--ſſ--l.*
He'll beat the *French* from ev'ry Trench,
And blow them off the Water;
By Sea and Land he doth command,
And looks an errant Otter.

V.

But of this Clan, there's not a Man
For Bravery that can be,
(Tho' *An----r* ſhould make a Stir)
Compar'd with *Ma----s Gr---y*:
His Sword and Dreſs both well expreſs
His Courage moſt exceeding;
And by his Hair you'd almoſt ſwear
He's valiant *Charles* of *Sweden.*

VI. The

VI.

The next are *H---t, Ha----x,*
And *F---th,* choice Commanders!
For theſe the Nation we muſt Tax,
But ne'er ſend them to *Flanders.*
Two Corps of Men do ſtill remain,
Earl *Ch----ly*'s and Earl *B----ley*'s;
The Laſt I hold not quite ſo bold
As formerly was *Hercules.*

VII.

And now, dear *G---*, thou Man of Pow'r,
And comprehenſive Noddle;
Tho' you've the Gout, yet as you're ſtout,
Why wa'n't you plac'd in Saddle?
Then you might ride to either Side,
Chuſe which K--- you'd ſerve under;
But, dear Dragoon, change not too ſoon,
For fear of th' other Blunder.

VIII. This

VIII.

This faithful Band ſhall ever ſtand,
Defend our Faith's Defender ;
Shall keep us free from Popery,
The *French*, and the PRETENDER.
Now God bleſs all our M-n--try,
May they the Crown environ,
To hold in Chain whate'er P----e reign,
And rule with Links of Iron.

F I N I S.

VIII.

This faithful Band shall ever stand,
Defend our Faith's Defender;
Shall keep us free from Popery,
The French, and the PRETENDER.
Now God bless all our M--n--ry,
May they the Crown environ,
To hold in Chain whate'er P----e reign,
And rule with Ties of Iron.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.